

RYOT upon RYOT:

O R,

A Chant upon the Arresting the Loyal L. Mayor & Sheriffs:

*Gallants, If you wou'd bear a Tale sung o'r, } See London's Loyal Sheriffs, and Lord Mayor,
So daring and bold, 'twas never done before: } Bearing the Sword, Arrested in the Chair.*

To the Tune of, *Burton Hall, or London's Loyalty.*



I.

Rowze up Great MONARCH
In the Royal Cause;
The Great Defender
Of our Faith and Laws:
Now, now, or never,
Crush the Serpent's Head,
Or else the Poyson
Through the Land will spread.
The Noble MAYOR,
And his two Loyal SHRIEVES,
Bearing the Sword's, assaulted
By Uſurping Thieves,
Who their Rebellious Ryots
Would maintain by Law:
Oh! London! London!
Where's Thy Justice now?

II.

Smite, smite, the Snakes
Did firſt their Sting reveal,
Stabbing thy ROYAL
BROTHER in the Heel;
And ſtruck ſo many
Loyal Martyr's dead,
Now in the Sun
Flies boldly at the Head.
Slaves that reſiſt
All Power but their own;
He that would uſurp the CHAIR,
Would next uſurp the THRONE,
Who neither ROYAL HEIR
Nor LOYAL MAYORS allow:
Oh! London! London!
Where's thy Charter now?

III.

LONDON, of Faction's
The eternal Spring,
Yet ſo much favour'd
By a Gracious KING;
Who doſt ſuch Deeds
That have no parallel,
Only to teach
Thy Children to Rebel.

This will record thee
In the Books of Fame;
This bold Attempt no Law,
Nor Precedent can claim:
Blood and the **Crown**, P——n
And D——s out-do:
Oh! London! London!
Where's Thy Charter now?

IV.

Was this the way
Your Ryots to repair;
In ſpight o' th' CHARTER,
To Arrest the MAYOR?
And 'gainſt the SHERIFFS
Your ſham Actions bring,
'Cause juſtly choſen,
And approv'd by th' KING?
What call you this, but TREASON?
Whiſt the Fool
That did Arrest the MAYOR
Expects himſelf to Rule;
And, ſave his own, no other
Power would allow:
Oh! London! London!
Where's thy Charter now?

V.

Hang up the Faction's Heads
That dare oppoſe
The Sword of Juſtice,
And the Ancient Laws:
Who in his Office
Dare Arrest the MAYOR,
Diſowns the Pow'r
That plac'd Him in the Chair.
Tantara-ra-ra!
Let the Trumpets ſound,
Double all your Guards, and let
The Cent'nels ſtand their ground:
He that Arrests the MAYOR,
Would bind the MONARCH too:
Oh! London! London!
Where's Thy Charter now?